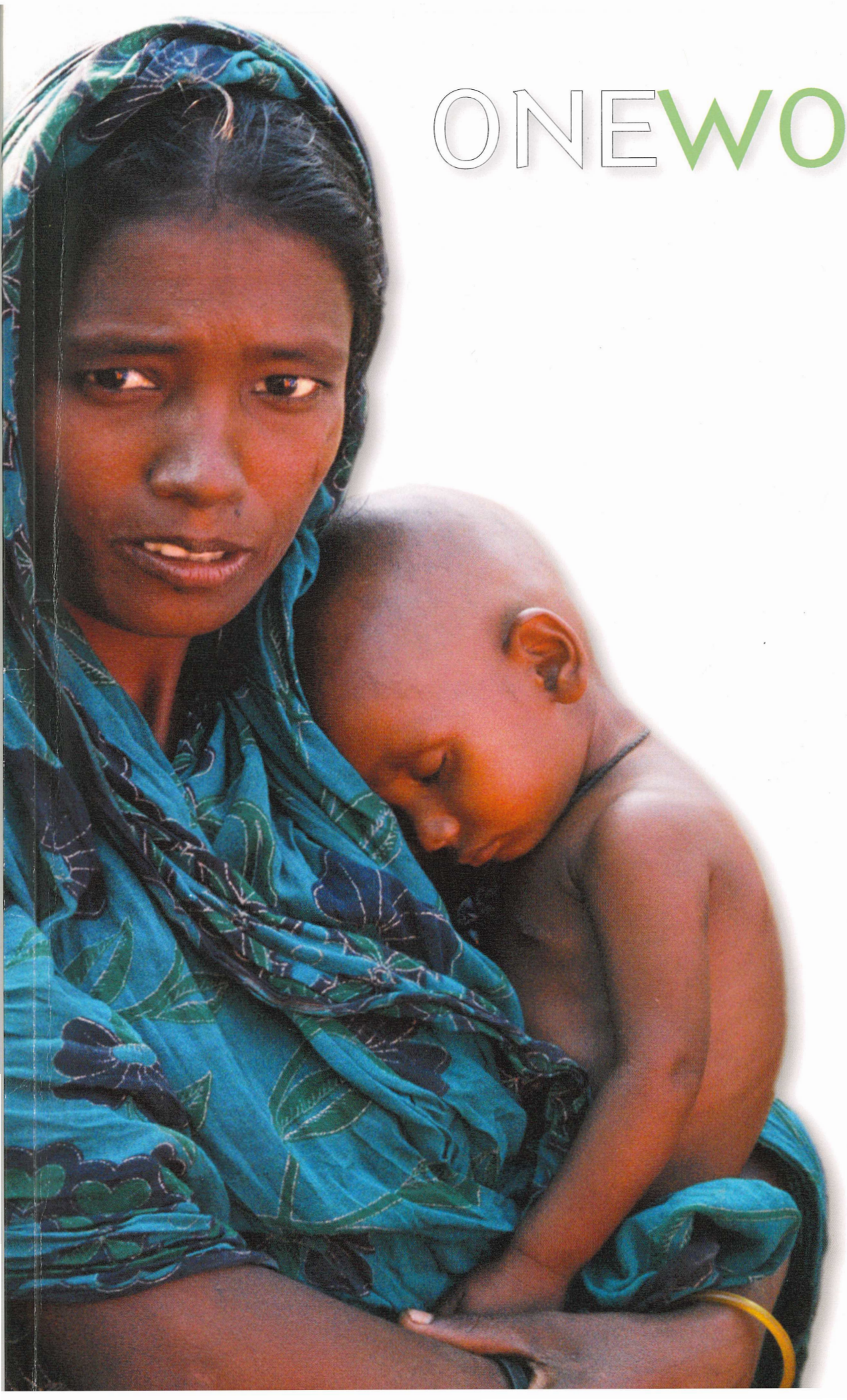

# ONEWORLD

SLU

Love requires action. Six months ago, it would have been impossible to imagine that our love, passion and creative energy could have such an impact on society. Our first magazine published in the spring changed perceptions and inspired people from all parts of the nation, as well as many other countries. OneWorld quickly became one of the largest student movements on Saint Louis University's campus. We held events and revolutions that transformed students' hearts and minds. A visit to the local mosque to break fast at the beginning of Ramadan helped us experience God in a different faith tradition and allowed many students to question media stereotypes. We listened to amazing mentors like Jon Sobrino, who talked about liberation theology and social justice in El Salvador, and James Burton, the director of the world's largest homeless shelter, who kicked off the food drive by raising awareness of the problems of homelessness, poverty and hunger. They inspired us to change our views and our approach to the world. However, this is only the beginning. As we become more focused and experienced, the organization will continue to transform our campus.

First, we would like to thank the Saint Louis University community for their overwhelming support. To have students throw themselves into this project and an administration and staff provide the resources for OneWorld to flourish show once again that our Jesuit mission of "Men and Women for Others" is more than a slogan. It is initiatives like this that facilitate Fr. Biondi's goal to make Saint Louis University the best Catholic institution in the country, not by using the standard of the *US News and World Report*, but by using the standard of Christ, which judges our relation with and for the poor and forgotten of society as the true indicator of success. We believe OneWorld respects and abides by this standard.

We initially started OneWorld as a campus project, but it could not be contained, and it exploded beyond the borders of our campus. OneWorld at SLU is the first of many new OneWorld organizations that are springing up all over the country. WashU and the University of Illinois-Chicago are starting their own OneWorld movements, and many schools, too many to list, are joining the movement. In order to meet the demand of students who wish to get involved, we are working to create the best possible medium to allow this to happen. Because the internet is a popular tool and has the ability to connect people from distant corners around a central idea, we are working to create an online platform where students can post their own articles, photos, videos and ideas for social change. In this space, you will be able to let your voice be heard and collaborate with students from other universities working on similar projects. Unification for social change is our goal. We shifted the focus from only covering global injustices to considering the human dignity of people right in our midst, in our own community. As Gandhi said: "Think globally, act locally." We have also made the magazine more personalized, with photographs and stories coming from the students themselves.

When you look through this magazine, it is easy to see that our brothers and sisters are suffering, whether it is right down Grand Blvd. or halfway across the world. But in this magazine, we hope that you see more than problems. The fact that this magazine exists, that students speak out against injustice, shows that something can and will be done when injustice is met with love. Wake up to the injustices of the world, but more importantly, wake up to your own potential to change your world. This magazine should be a starting point for action. OneWorld is not a magazine, it is not an organization, it is more than an idea—it is a way of life. We live for others without distinctions, without borders, without limitations. Love has the final word. The time has come to Live OneWorld.

*Jesse Sullivan & The OneWorld Editorial Board*

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Comments, suggestions, and letters can sent to Jesse Sullivan at jsullivan@liveoneworld.org

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**OUR MISSION.** We are already one, but we imagine that we are not. OneWorld exists to rediscover that while we are many in our cultures, religions, and struggles, we are one in our common humanity. We yearn to remove the barriers of ignorance and indifference because the most basic and unchanging truth that unites us is the infinite value of the human person. OneWorld emphasizes this unity by raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action, and transforming our hearts, minds, and society. Live OneWorld.


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OneWorld would like to thank Phil Lyons and Donna Bess in Student Life, Dr. Lorenzini, and Saint Louis University for their support and their unending belief in this project. In addition, OneWorld would like to acknowledge the helpful aid of all those who have provided their expertise for the development of our initiative.

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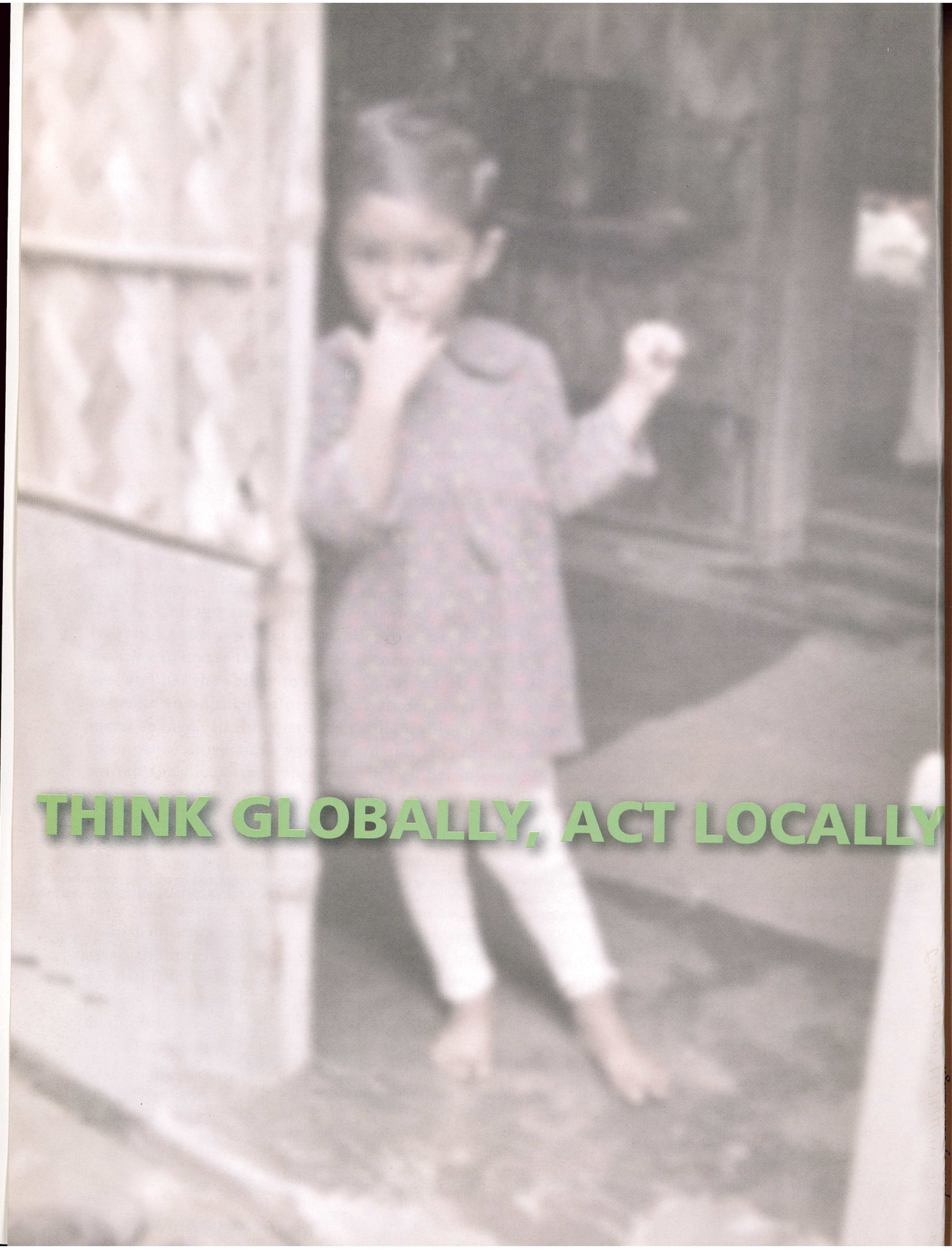



# "Faces Burned into My Soul"

*Cover Photo by Mark Zaegel*

I regret that I cannot remember the name of the woman on the cover of this magazine. Fortunately, her face – and that of her baby boy – I will never forget. This image, and countless other faces from my two-week service trip to Bangladesh, will remain with me forever.

How do I pick up the pieces of an old life? Where do I begin to start again? How do I return home to the United States – a place that fills me with so much happiness, yet even more despair than ever before? I would like to believe that only a person with a heart of stone could spend two weeks in Bangladesh – or any other terribly impoverished community – and not let it change them. Unfortunately, I know better. I know the overwhelmingly oppressive power of culture and society. I know how easily the conviction to give so selflessly – to change the world and one's own life – can suffocate from the norms and habits swirling all around us. In the words of E.E. Cummings, "To be nobody but myself in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make me everybody else means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight and never stop fighting." Some days are harder than others, but through it all, certain things keep me going.

I carry with me the faces of countless men, women and children I met in Bangladesh. They keep me true to myself. It's the eyes. Look at her eyes. See that beautiful human being who wants nothing more than to be able to feed her children, clothe them in the chilly winter nights, and love them in a home that will not wash away when it rains in the summer for three months straight...every...single...day.

It's the eyes. I simply cannot imagine myself flying back to Bangladesh, looking that woman in the eyes as she holds her beloved child, and telling her that I cannot help her.

In our society of consumption, it may not be so easy to continue loving that Bangladeshi woman. In so many ways, I am still just another rich white kid from the suburbs. So what can help me resist self-absorbed cultural habits? What can I do so that I will actually help the people of Bangladesh? I can have mercy on them. I can have mercy on them by carrying them with me everywhere I go and allowing their joy and their pain to shape my daily choices. It has been a constant struggle to stay true to the values that have gripped me following my trip to Bangladesh, but faces like those of this woman and her child help me keep fighting in my struggle to live with genuine compassion for others.

# A World Away, but Home at Last

## *The Bosnian Community in St. Louis*

By: Nicole Halfon

In St. Louis we feel safe from tragedies that happen far away; we live within the borders of a free nation that protects its citizens. But many people have experienced terrible events like genocide and mass killings. Many have fled their homes in fear of being exterminated. And many are living among us in St. Louis.

According to the International Institute in St. Louis, about 10% of people who live in the city of St. Louis are Bosnian refugees—an estimated 50,000 people who have experienced the terrible tragedies of war and genocide and who have come here to seek shelter.

One of these refugees is Mirsad Mustajbegovic. He owns the St. Louis Corner Market on Morganford Rd., in the Bevo neighborhood, about a 10-minute drive from Saint Louis University. He has been in St. Louis for 10 years- since 1996.

Mustajbegovic admits that the war was bad, but chooses not to dwell on it. Instead, he focuses on his accomplishments, like starting his own business. As the head of a restaurant and meat market in Bosnia, with 40 employees and 500 to 600 customers a day, he carried on 500 years of business tradition in his family. Now he owns his own market in St. Louis, where he works over 15 hours a day selling small food items and meat that he cures himself, just as he did in Bosnia.

The market is a small corner of a larger building that he owns, and he rents out the apartments above it. To make his tenants feel secure in a neighborhood where cars are often vandalized, he built a tall wooden fence and keeps five large dogs behind it to ward off any intruders. He hopes to open a small restaurant in the remaining space of his building.

"I liked [living] close [to the] ocean," Mustajbegovic said. He wants to serve seafood in his restaurant, where a large fishing net already covers a long wall to set the theme. He plans to open in a month or two. He looks forward to the future, and when people ask him why he does not return to Bosnia, he replies, "This is my country." The warfare of his homeland is behind him.

The war in Bosnia started when the former Yugoslavia - a state of the former Soviet bloc that contained six republics and many different ethnicities and religions - fell apart in 1991. Croatia and Slovenia sought independence as Socialist Yugoslavia unraveled. Ethnic nationalism replaced communism as a potent political force as Yugoslavia became dominated by extreme nationalist Serbs. When Bosnia-Herzegovina wanted to secede, 99% voted for Bosnian independence, and in 1992 they became an independent state. Most Bosnian Serbs boycotted the referendum on independence.

The most ethnically mixed of all the Yugoslav republics, Bosnia-Herzegovina was composed of 40% Bosnians Muslims, 30% Serbs (Orthodox) and 18% Croats (Catholics), according to CNN. Although the Bosnians were the majority, the Serbs were the best armed and attacked the Bosnian Muslims in a Hitler-esque fashion in order to ethnically "cleanse" the population.



What stands out as a glaring cataclysm amid the years of war is the massacre in Srebrenica. In 1993, the United Nations Protection Force (UNPROFOR) declared certain areas in Bosnia as "safe havens," including the towns of Sarajevo and Srebrenica. General Philippe Morillion of France, the Commander of UNPROFOR, visited Srebrenica and promised its residents that they were under the protection of the United Nations and that he would not abandon them.

In July 1995, the Serbs entered the UN Safe Area in Srebrenica. The Dutch soldiers who were in the city had a diminished amount of supplies and many were held hostage when the Serbs attacked. When they asked for reinforcement from the UN, they were denied. About 25,000 Bosnian refugees fled to Potocari and crowded into the UN compound. The Serb troops unleashed a "campaign of terror" on the refugees, mercilessly separating men from women, husbands from wives, fathers from daughters, and summarily killing the men and raping the women. The International Criminal Tribunal's indictment against Ratko Mladic and Radovan Karadzic (Serbian leaders) described the horrible events during the massacre:

> "Between 12 July 1995 and 13 July 1995, Bosnian Serb military personnel summarily executed Bosnian Muslim men and women at diverse locations around the UN compound where they had taken refuge. The bodies of those summarily executed were left in fields and buildings in the immediate vicinity of the compound. These arbitrary killings instilled such terror and panic amongst the Muslims remaining there that some of them committed suicide and all the others agreed to leave the enclave."

This reign of terror repeated itself in other cities around the country. War between 1992 and 1995 resulted in over a 250,000 Bosnians losing their lives in mass killings, over a million fleeing the country, and about 80,000 remaining as refugees in their own country, as reported by the Bosnian Institute in the UK. The fighting came to a halt in 1995 with the signing of the Dayton Agreement by the presidents of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, and Yugoslavia.

Many of the Bosnian refugees who fled their homes came to St. Louis because of assistance provided by local resettlement agencies and the availability of jobs and apartments. *[Article continued on page 54]*

# The Great War of Africa

*Story by: Patrick McGinnis - UN Photograph*

Over the past decade, the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) has suffered from the horrors of civil war and its unfortunate consequences. The war started after the regime of President Joseph Mobutu was toppled in 1997. Mobutu served as an extremely corrupt leader who abused his power to obtain over $4 billion in personal wealth. He was removed from power by rebel forces backed by Uganda and the Rwandan Hutu. Laurent Kabila took over the presidency that same year and unfortunately continued the system of corruption.

After Kabila became president, Ugandan and Rwandan forces remained in Congo territory. These forces soon began to oppose the rule of Kabila. In 1998, forces from Zimbabwe, Namibia and Angola entered the war in support of Kabila and his regime. Civil war continued for several years over power within the government and the wealth of resources Congo has to offer. The DRC is one of the wealthiest African countries in regards to natural resources. Corrupt government, rebels and corporations had long exploited this natural wealth by plundering resources such as timber, diamonds, gold and coltan.

In recent years, progression has been made towards peaceful affairs. Peace talks have occurred, agreements were been made, troops were withdrawn and a constitution and elections have been implemented. Things seem to be headed in the right direction. However, rebel and military groups will continue to fight, commit atrocities and plunder natural resources.

During the civil war in the DRC, more than 1,200 people die each day from malnutrition, disease and displacement. An estimated 3.8 million people have died throughout the ordeal. According to the International Rescue Committee (IRC), "The war in the Democratic Republic of Congo has taken more lives than any other since World War II and is the deadliest documented conflict in African history."

**The "excess mortality" in Congo over the past six years is equivalent to a 9/11 catastrophe every two to three days or a tsunami every six months.**

Unfortunately, the DRC is receiving little attention and even less money and support from the international community. The tsunami in Southeast Asia received nearly 100 times as much money while only suffering 1/13 as many deaths. It would be terrible for us to say that one atrocity deserves our support more than another, and we must understand the importance of support for conflicts such as the one in Congo.

Kofi Annan, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, has pushed for an increase in aid and added peacekeepers in the DRC for the Congolese people. However, the United States opposes additional aid, claiming that the $1 billion effort is already too expensive. But some active members within our government are trying to aid relief for their civil war. A bipartisan relief bill pending in the Senate would authorize $52 million in humanitarian assistance for Congo for the next fiscal year. It recommends strengthening the U.N. peacekeeping effort and calls for a U.S. special envoy for the Great Lakes region of Africa, which includes the DRC. An effort to bring money, mission and media attention to this suffering nation, the bill has not yet reached the floor for a vote. Your support is needed to help the bill become a reality. Contact your local senator and ask him or her to support this bill and help change the lives of the millions of suffering Congolese people.

# The Virus

*By: Allison Reilly*

I'm sick,
struck with the virus
so many have and not know
and continuing to be spread
as I shiver, shake
cough and ache
from doing nothing

I'm homesic
stuffed up with
cause 4000 miles in that directi
are a people, my peopl
my ancestral peop
in need of my hel
Yet I do nothin
I'm seasic
green in the gil
from hobbling 4000 mil
away from a problem, my problem
vomiting in a nauseous se

as it warned though my departure
that I've done nothing
I'm lovesick,
heart congested
wheezing after 4000 miles
from a closed clogged blocked
connection, my connection
to a problem, a people,
I did nothing about.
I'm worried sick,
caught with the virus
from a 4000 mile breathe

of doing nothing
of continuing to do nothing
about my people,
problem and connection.
And, I'm sick.

I'm sick and tired
of the wheezing
the hobbling
the stuffiness
the symptoms
of the virus
of doing nothing.

*photo by: Hannah Boehcher*

# Children of the Dump

*Story and Photography by: Jason Genta*

When I think about the idea of a summer vacation in Mexico, many activities immediately come to mind: swimming in the beautiful blue ocean, lying on the sandy white beaches and playing golf on a perfectly manicured course. So this past summer, on the second morning of my family trip to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, I was caught off guard when my sister, Monica, came to me as I was lying by the pool to ask me if I wanted to do some volunteer work at the city's garbage dump. My initial response was to laugh at her and put my Ipod headphones back on so that I could go back to doing one of my favorite vacation activities—nothing. Like any curious person, I had to ask her what I could possibly volunteer for at a garbage dump that would be worth giving up part of my vacation.

As I found out from Monica, a group of several families live at the garbage dump. These individuals live in extreme poverty and go through the city's waste that is brought there daily. The goal is to collect any plastic, glass or aluminum materials that can then be recycled. For each large trash bag they can fill, a recycling company will pay them money. An individual working all day can earn three to four dollars a day. The life these individuals live is a vicious cycle; the money they make each day is barely enough to feed their families, so no money can be saved or spent on anything else. Their makeshift "shelters" are made of the sturdiest pieces of trash they can find. Electricity and running water are nothing more than mythical creations, and the closest water supply is quite far away. In an effort to aid these people, an organization has been formed called Children of the Dump. This non-

profit organization uses donations and volunteers to provide meals and other essentials for the adults and children in an effort to allow them to save their meager wages so that one day, they will not have to live this way. Many of the resorts in Puerto Vallarta support the organization and inform their guests of the opportunity to volunteer.

After hearing what Monica had to say, I decided I could certainly afford to give up one morning of my vacation to do this. She introduced the idea to the rest of my family—my mother, father and youngest sister, Molly—and it was decided that we would make it a family effort. On the night before the journey, we met with Laura Speer, the head of Children of the Dump, to prepare sandwiches and get other items in order so we could distribute them the next day. She gave my family a brief history of the program. If there were ever a contest for the most generous person in the world, I would nominate Laura in an instant. She and her husband (a preacher) and their two children left a comfortable life in Oregon to move to Puerto Vallarta for the sole purpose of establishing this organization. Laura and her husband make several trips to the dump on a daily basis. In addition to distributing food, they emphasize the importance of a belief in God and of the power of prayer. Initially, I found it unlikely that many of these people would put their faith in God, a God who would allow the type of poverty they experience daily to exist. As I would later realize, I could not have made a more incorrect prediction.

That morning, I boarded a bus with about ten other volunteers from my resort and Laura. As we arrived at the city's dump, hidden in the hills only a few miles from downtown, so many disturbing images caught my eye. Men and women moved quickly from pile to pile of garbage, searching every inch for recyclable goods. Pesky scavenging birds hovered overhead and walked about the ground in search of food scraps, fearless of any human being. Children of all ages were scattered about the site. Those who were old enough did their part to help their families and searched through the garbage. Those who were not old enough were taken care of by a few younger women. Some individuals walked about without shoes on their feet. This shocked me, considering the shards of glass and other protruding objects that lined the ground. To look out towards the city from the dump was the most disheartening site of all. Beautiful, elegant resorts lined the sandy beaches that were just feet from the Pacific Ocean. People come from all over the world to enjoy the natural beauty of the city. The people of the dump live only miles from this tourist wonderland, yet will most likely never have the chance to appreciate it. They can merely look upon it and dream. Witnessing so much only moments after I arrived, I needed a moment to take it all in. It was then that I noticed the dump's smell. Never in my life have I smelled something as awful as the stench that filled the air around the site. It took everything I had to keep myself from getting sick.

Once our volunteers unloaded the food, Laura gave us our directions. Because the people were so busy collecting, they never came to the bus for food; it was our job to go to them and distribute it. The fact that their hard work kept them from leaving to get food illustrates their love for their families and their want to support them. When I walked up to the first individual to hand him food and water, I was extremely nervous. I wondered if they would be bitter about someone bothering him while he worked. However, I could not have been more wrong. After handing him his meal, he said, "Gracias. Dios le bendice." Fortunately, I knew enough Spanish to realize that he told me, "Thank you. God bless." My mother was standing next to me when he said this and asked me what it meant. When I told her, she began to tear up. Every individual I encountered was extremely grateful. Some people smiled, some gave me a high five, and one little girl even gave me a hug.

Once everyone had food, it was time for us volunteers to let the people of the dump get back to work. Just a couple hours after I had been walking through the city's garbage, I was back in my beach chair at the resort. As I sat there, I initially felt guilty that I could lounge by a pool when I had, just moments earlier, seen families working to barely stay alive. But as I thought more about it, I realized I was looking at the situation all wrong. I should be grateful for everything I have been blessed with and take nothing for granted. Moreover, it is my responsibility to use what I have been given to help other people.

It only takes a moment to change an individual's perspective. I gave up one morning of my vacation, and it is a morning I will never forget. Each student at Saint Louis University is similar to me in that we all have been blessed with a multitude of gifts. The world may not always be a fair place, but if each of us uses what we have to help others, maybe the world will change.

# About My Sister

*An Essay on Understanding*

I don't know if anyone remembers the day I was born. That fundamental date is thousands of miles away, buried under the implacable forces of poverty and loss. Neither do I remember the faces of my birth parents; they are hazy, light-distorted, young, and scared. Sometimes the litany of forgotten things yawns its mouth, threatening to swallow me: Where was I born? What were my parents like? What did they do? Why did they leave me? I do remember certain things: long tables at the orphanage, distant songs (with melodies twisting and streaming, sung in a language whose words I now do not understand), spices, rice, a small dirt yard, an old women with veined hands smoothing my short hair. There was a box of clothes for all of us to share, and at the age of five I was already put in charge of the little ones. These pieces of childhood I have wrapped carefully in the folds of my mind. They are all I have left of my past.

When I came to this country, everything changed; it changed in the course of a 30-hour plane ride. My new family picked me up at the airport, and I was carried off the plane in pink overalls, slung around the shoulder of the volunteer who made the trip to see me safely—home. At five years old, I was introduced to a new home, a second family. They took me back to their house—to balloons, to smiles, to new joys, and new fears. For the next two years I would not go to the bathroom by myself. I would always get up from the pot and peek around the door to make sure mom was there; eventually she just came in with me. They said I had probably been left in a bathroom. Left in a stall. Left for a new life. This new life that my first parents left for me is not always easy. It involves a lot of doubts, a lot of stares—one little black girl holding two little white boys' hands—and often anger and bewilderment. I come from the frustration of learning a new language, the muteness of sitting in a classroom, not knowing what was going on, the isolation of seeing only white faces in the hall. These things have made me strong, partly because I also come from the fierce love of my family, my parents' dogged patience, and the support of friends. The community that surrounds me is based on understanding, on reaching out, on trying to see the world from behind my dark eyes.

I came from a far-away place, but I now live here, with you. My one world is my family; my global community is in my home. I am not looking for sympathy. My message is simple: you do not have to fly halfway around the globe to find abuse or neglect. My story is not unique: schools are filled with abandoned "lost" children, and many ache with secret hurts. Most children are not left behind by their parents, but perhaps they are neglected by a teacher, a friend, or a society. Maybe you were lucky enough to have passed your childhood with more Kodak moments than crippling ones. That is not true for many people. Everyone carries a past; these things are bright and dark, raw and smooth, lovely and empty. What do we know about the past of our neighbors here in St. Louis? Those who live in the dilapidated houses along North Grand? Those in the dorm rooms down the hall? To realize why people do what they do, to know who people are, demands that we understand their past lives. I came off of a plane more than 10 years ago, but that was not a rebirth or the start of my "real" life. The silhouettes of my childhood still move in the quiet of my heart.

*This article was written by a member of OneWorld who wishes to remain anonymous. The Editorial Boeard supports the author's decision.*

# Tibet: An Endangered Culture

*by: Joe Eggleston*

Home to Mount Everest (Chomo Langma) and the highest average elevation in the world, Tibet flourished for 1500 years in relative seclusion, developing a unique language, religion, government and way of life. The People's Republic of China (PRC) claimed the right to rule Tibet because it was included in the kingdom of the Mongol and Manchu dynasties in the 13th and 18th centuries, respectively. Since 1949 when the People's Liberation Army invaded, the PRC has continuously occupied Tibet, endangering their culture. The initial military occupation forced Tibetans to hide their Buddhist identity and exile their leader, the Dalai Lama. Then the Chinese civilian immigration furthered the cultural threat by taking their land and resources. Now the PRC imprisons and tortures Tibetans who peacefully protest the PRC's occupation through leafleting, singing reactionary songs or hoisting the Tibetan flag, while the injustices persist.

Before the Chinese invasion, a Buddhist theocracy led by the Dalai Lama ruled Tibet. In 1959, the PRC's violent reaction to a Tibetan uprising led the 14th Dalai Lama to flee to Dharamsala, India in protest, but Buddhism still encompasses many aspects of Tibetans' everyday life. Even the minority of Tibetans who do not practice Buddhism still consider Buddhism part of their identity. Exact numbers of Buddhists are difficult to determine since strict PRC policies have banned the Dalai Lama's image and name until recently, and policies monitor the media.

Most Tibetans live out Tantra Buddhism, which was derived from India, while Chinese typically practice Confucian and Tao Buddhism. Not only is the Buddhism different, but Tibetans express their spirituality in more areas of their life; for example, the Tibetan government purposely invests their money in monasteries instead of weapons. During China's Cultural Revolution in the 1960s, when remnants of ancient culture were destroyed, 6,000 monasteries were leveled in Tibet, yet so many monasteries existed that not all were destroyed and can still be found there today, according to savetibet.org. Besides a large religious difference, Tibetans and Chinese speak different languages. Tibetan has an alphabet that closely resembles Sanskrit, an ancient language used in India, while Chinese is a tonal language based on ideograms.

Since 1959, 7.5 million Chinese civilians, excluding the army garrisons, have crossed their southwest border and settled among the six million Tibetans bringing their different culture with them, according to savetibet.org. In parts of eastern Tibet, in mostly fertile valleys and cities, the Chinese outnumber the Tibetans two to one and sometimes three to one, while a small population of Chinese live in the west. Possible explanations for the huge influx of Chinese settlers include overpopulation and food shortage in China. A more extreme explanation is that the Chinese government is trying to control Tibet by diluting their population, but the lack of the freedom of the press limits data to support this claim.

The Chinese occupation brings both benefits and detriments. Many Tibetans (those who can afford it) now force their children to learn Chinese so that they may attend private math and science schools, which are only taught in Chinese. In 2004, the PRC sponsored a week-long trip to Tibet for 32 journalists. On this trip, a PRC official claimed to have raised the literacy from 2% to 95%, installed radio and TV, doubled life expectancy and made 20,000 miles of roads, as reported in the Christian Science Monitor. A week later, the truth of these statements begged questioning when a vice minister of the PRC claimed that there was not a single case of AIDS in Tibet and later admitted, however, that no testing has been done. And although the Chinese argue that their influence has helped to improve Tibet's economy and healthcare, many Tibetans said they do not receive any of these benefits, according to savetibet.org.

On July 1, 2006, the Chinese government opened a train that runs from Beijing to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet located in the western portion where few Chinese live. Previously, travelers had to fly to an airport two hours away and drive to reach the secluded city. The train passes through herds of antelopes, wild donkeys, yaks, sheep, Himalayan mountain ranges and nomadic Tibetans. Not only does the train's physical presence threaten these unique aspects of Tibetan culture (especially the nomads), but the impact of the new Chinese settlers also endangers it. According to the St. Louis Post Dispatch, other hazards of the train include grassland degradation, pollution, and massive deforestation, which causes floods in population centers downstream from the five major rivers which have their headwaters in Tibet.

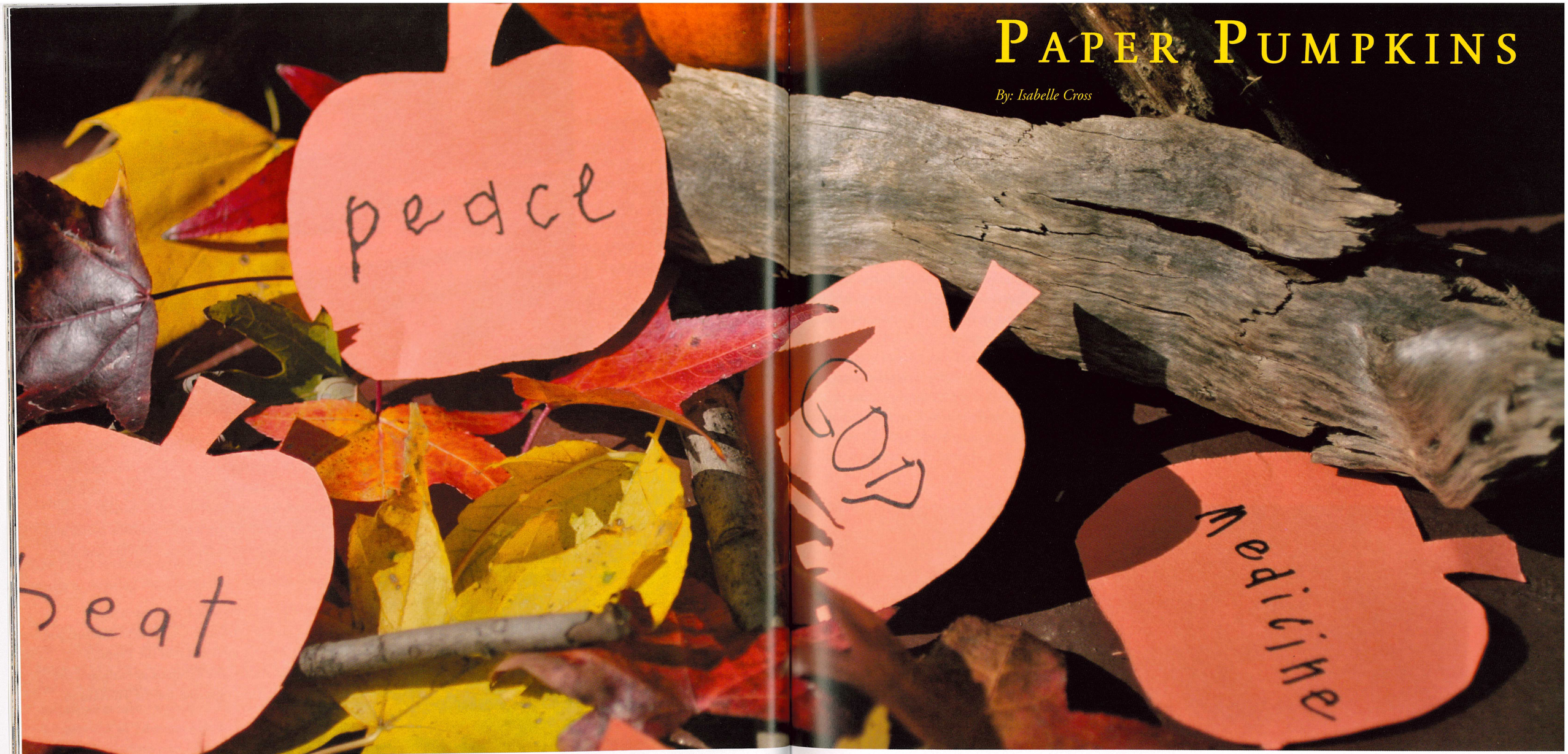
Since the Chinese invasion from 1949 until the late 1980s, the Dalai Lama has requested recognition of Tibet's independence from the Chinese government. Then he requested that Tibet be considered an autonomous territory as is allowed in the Chinese constitution. The Chinese government granted his request officially, but has neither given Tibetans decision-making authority nor a voice in the development of their country as the Chinese constitution spells out for autonomous regions. Tibetans who speak out against this injustice have been subject to detention, arrest, imprisonment and torture by the readily available police and military units standing guard at highways, bridges and the countryside.

This issue is difficult because the lack of press makes information scarce and unverifiable. Of the little information available, it can at least be concluded that the People's Republic of China has treated the Tibetans unfairly and the Chinese settlers provide large obstacles for the Tibetans to overcome.

## QUICK FACTS

Chinese settlers out number Tibetans 7.5 million to 6 million. In many eastern cities and valleys in Tibet, the Tibetan to Chinese ratio is 1:3. In 1972, China placed their nuclear weapons research and development plant in Tibet, making use of its uranium deposits. China currently has three or four nuclear launching sites in Tibet.

For more information and ways to help please visit **www.savetibet.org**




# Paper Pumpkins

*By: Isabelle Cross*

As the huge bus lumbered into view and screeched to stop on Grand Blvd., my stomach filled with butterflies. I had just recently arrived to this new city to begin my college career, and I was now heading downtown to start my very first day as a tutor at the International Institute of St. Louis. My best friend, Ema, is Bosnian and has always opened my eyes to the difficult experiences shared by the refugees in the United States. Her own family left Bosnia with practically nothing as the war was beginning in 1992, and she knew firsthand the ugly face of this reality—the separation of family members, the devastating circumstances of the home country, and the loss of the life and culture the survivors once knew. I was initially drawn to the International Institute because it was an organization that served in aiding and educating the recent immigrants and refugees living in the St. Louis area. However, in that moment, I wished I could start on a different day.

The timing of this could not have been worse. I asked myself why I did not start this some other day as I slowly trudged towards the bus, anxiously shifting under the dead weight of my textbooks in my backpack. It had been what constituted a horrible day: professors were piling on exams, my computer was acting up, and the dorm food was giving me a stomachache. I climbed onto the bus and began shuffling through my backpack for my wallet in order to pay for the ticket. I suddenly realized with a flush of hot embarrassment that I had forgotten it in my dorm, and as I stammered in front of the bus driver, he regarded me with a deadpan stare and an undisguised lack of sympathy. As I turned to leave, I felt a light hand on my shoulder. I glanced at it, startled by the coarse and rugged lines that years of some kind of hard labor had deeply etched upon its fingers. My eyes traveled up the woman's thin arm and met her brown eyes twinkling warmly from her leathery face.

"I think I have two dollars more for you, miss," she said in a raspy voice as she handed the bus driver a couple of crumpled dollar bills. I smiled gratefully, thanking her profusely as I sank into one of the sweaty seats. I sat pressed between

strangers, my butterflies turning to nausea as the oppressively hot and crowded bus rumbled down Grand. I stood up as the Institute's building appeared into view, and the young boy sitting alone near my seat thoughtfully pulled the chord to alert the bus driver of my stop.

I hurried off the bus and crossed the street to the Institute. As I scribbled my name down to sign in, I turned in time to see the woman from the bus stride in. Surprised, I walked over to her and began to thank her again for helping me earlier on the bus. She listened quietly, and as a smile spread across her face, she responded with a heavy accent: "Do not worry about me... just please do the same thing for someone else sometime. Have good day." With that, she disappeared into one of the nearby classrooms, and I walked into the empty classroom where the after-school tutoring was to be held.

The day went by in a flash. I met about 15 kids: some Middle Eastern, some Mexican, some African; some were shy, some giggly, some loud, some reserved….and all sweet. Their laughs and voices filled the room as they teased, talked and joked together, and the adults in charge tried to keep them focused (often unsuccessfully). I watched, in awe at how their personalities managed to shine through the language barrier, curious about how such bright smiles were bursting through the darkness of what they were certain to have experienced—the many "bad days" they had survived. As I got to know them in the following weeks, I was able to work with them on science, math, writing, reading, and English. They progressed slowly and surely, and they began to open up more as well. One girl with whom I often worked would ask me (as I passionately tried to explain the importance and beauty of the formulas and values offered by Pre-Algebra) about my life and what it was like to "actually be in a university." She talked about how she wanted to go to college more than anything. As I looked into her bright and young face, I thought of all of the other immigrants of her kind, "fresh off the boat," that were just lumped together, left behind to fend for themselves in the English-speaking high schools. I thought of how their parents—doctors, journalists, veterinarians, and teachers in their home country—were often found working in the food or labor industries here. They all too often survived the situations of their home countries only to be met by difficulties here in the States: language barriers, culture shock, and stereotypes. Underneath it all exists people as amazing and unique as my best friend, Ema; but some only see them in terms of their refugee status and lack of language ability.

Before I knew it, the last day of tutoring before winter break had arrived. I was asked to help take down the paper pumpkins still posted on the walls from Thanksgiving. The students learning English had to write down what they were grateful for on these pumpkins, and everyone had written their name, country of origin, and their blessings. I held their papers with humbled hands as I surveyed the lists filled with the most basic things: "God…safety…food…God's deliverance…showers…gardening land…medicine…heat…peace…school…" Their lists were long and enthusiastic, written by people who had lived in suffering. How was it that they could not write enough about how blessed they were now?

As I stepped outside to wait for the bus that night, I pulled on a sweatshirt and sat warmly observing my surroundings. The problems around the world had never appeared so intense, but I slowly realized how many of the suffering had made it to the States for relief.

The diminishment of such overwhelming problems begins as a small, step-by-step process that starts by acknowledging those entrusted to our care that are within our reach on a daily basis. Experts say that education is one of the most powerful combatants to poverty, and I agree. Perhaps by educating the immigrants and refugees in our country, we might give them not just the opportunity to be alive and well, but alive and flourishing. Maybe by educating these people, we will be educated and enlightened ourselves. As we try to teach them, they too become our teachers.

Comfortably sitting in my seat on the ride home, I no longer concentrated on the weight of my backpack or my computer that was (still) misbehaving. Finally able to sit contentedly and look out the windows of the bus, I watched the cars go by and the small (but oh-so-striking) handful of stars sparkling through the dark clouds of the night sky. Between the kids, the extra two dollars offered to me on my first day, and my misinterpretation of what I used to think was a bad day, I realized that maybe what mattered more was not the weight of my backpack, but the lightness of the paper pumpkins.

# The Highway

*By: Mark Zaegel*

Imagine you are driving down a highway. You see a car pulled over on the side of the highway. And you see someone next to the car trying to wave down someone to stop and help. And as you get closer, you realize that the person in need of help is your relative. Would you stop to help? Of course you would.

Now suppose you are driving down the road and you see a car pulled over on the side of the highway. And you recognize the person as a good friend from a couple years back. Would you stop and help? You probably would.

Suppose you are driving down the highway and you notice a car pulled off to the side and the driver is in need of help. You do not know the person, but they kind of look like you. Similar age. Same skin color. They look like they are the same ethnicity. They dress the same as you. Probably the same socio-economic status as you. They have a bumper sticker advocating the same political affiliation that you support. Maybe a little religious symbol that you like hanging from their rearview mirror. Would you stop? You might.

Now suppose that you see the car pulled over on the side of the highway. And the person looks nothing like you. Different age. Different skin color. Different ethnic background. They're dressed differently than you. They look like they are from a different socio-economic status than you. Maybe they do not look like they speak your language very well. Would you stop? My guess is – if you are like me – you probably would not stop.

And the question then becomes: When would you not stop? And why would you not stop? My guess is that you would no longer stop when you no longer see that person as a human being – when all you see are those differences and those differences cover up the common humanity that you share with that human being in need. We can only begin to love and serve others as we love and serve ourselves when we rediscover our common humanity and see them as human beings who are just like us.

# ¡Ya Basta!
## The Zapatista Movement

*By: Jason Roche*

Donning his pipe and signature black mask of anonymity, Subcomandante Marcos leads the movement known in Mexico as the Ejército Zapatista de Liberación Nacional (EZLN). The motto of the EZLN is "¡Ya Basta!" or "Enough!" They picked this as their slogan because they believe the indigenous people in Chiapas, Mexico have been ignored and taken advantage of for over 500 years, since the time of Spanish Conquistadors.

Some 90 years ago, five distinct and determined men led the Mexican Revolution. Today, the oppressed women, children and men of Mexico, inspired by one of these Mexican revolutionaries, Emiliano Zapata, unite under one name: "Zapatistas." It is these people who make up the EZLN. Originally a small indigenous group based solely in Chiapas, Mexico, they connect the indigenous and urban downtrodden all across Mexico. Chiapas has been ripe for revolution for some time now. A report by Human Rights Watch/Americas claimed that, "Chiapas has the worst socio-economic conditions in Mexico, a long history of agrarian conflict, and a record for injustice and human rights violations unparalleled anywhere else in the country." According to sources from the International Wages for Housework Campaign, the Chiapas indigenous population is 1.2 million. Chiapas produces over half of Mexico's hydroelectric energy, yet 75% of their homes have no electricity or water. Wages are three times lower than the national average, 20% of people have no income and 40% of farmers make $1.74 a day, which is half the minimum wage. Not only has the land on which they live been victimized, but the government has deprived them of benefits from its natural resources. "Women have also been exploited . . . We get up at three in the morning to prepare corn for our husband's breakfast and we don't rest until late at night. If there is not enough food we give it to our children and our husbands first. So the women now have decided to take up arms and become Zapatistas," said Comandante Ramona, a member of EZLN. Women make up 1/3 of the Zapatistas and over half of its support base.

Possibly the most important revolt occurred in 1994 after the integration of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), when a Zapatista uprising alerted the whole world of the misery and discontent of the Chiapas indigenous population. The EZLN Communiqué on June 12, 1994 described what the Zapatistas felt they were not receiving: "[T]he demands of the EZLN are summed up in the 11 points written in the Declaration from the Lacondon Jungle [where the Zapatista military lives]: work, land, shelter, food, health, education, independence, freedom, democracy, justice and peace."

After the protest, BBC news reported that both the Mexican government and the Zapatistas agreed to sit down with a government peace commission. For six years the government did nothing to implement the arranged San Andres peace agreement, which would provide much autonomy to the indigenous people. In 2000, Vincente Fox was elected president of Mexico and promised to fix the problem in Chiapas. However, the Mexican congress was worried it was giving away too much autonomy that would make the country ungovernable. Almost the entire agreement was modified, then passed into law—which the people immediately rejected. A Chiapas local exclaimed, "We're back to the Spanish colonial system." The people felt they had not received the autonomy promised to them, and this set the stage for continuing revolts and struggles.

To obtain domestic and foreign support and maintain awareness of the current situation, the EZLN makes use of modern technologies like satellite telephones and the internet. Their use of cyber-activism in many ways has brought much attention to the cause. Talk of the EZLN has come out during several foreign policy discussions, including free-trade agreement negotiations and talks with human rights officials at the United Nations. Both French President Jacques Chirac and Pope John Paul II mentioned the conflict in Chiapas on their trips to Mexico. In Rome, 50,000 people took to the streets for a solidarity march.



It is clear this is matter cannot be overlooked. Currently, Marcos is traveling throughout Mexico, spreading the Zapatistas' manifesto during what is called the "Other Campaign." The "Other Campaign" is an attempt to form a united opposition to neo-liberal capitalism that dominates Mexico. The most glaring example of neo-liberal capitalism that the Zapatistas oppose is NAFTA. They oppose NAFTA because it gives subsidies to American companies that farm in Mexico; this leads to a saturated market that drives down prices to a point where small local farmers cannot compete. Consequently, a dramatic increase of illegal immigration from Mexico to the United States accompanied the introduction of NAFTA. A large number of these immigrants are farmers forced off their land by bankruptcy, a consequence of what some call the disproportionate agreement in favor of the USA and Canada, which leaves Mexico's main exports sinking year after year. During the demonstrations of the "Other Campaign," people take the stage and speak to the crowd about their hardships and what they want to see changed. Marcos listens, writes and incorporates what they say, occasionally speaking to the crowd before moving onto another town. These focused, yet peaceful demonstrations are useful in rallying grassroots support.

Many concerns of the Zapatistas regard the ownership of the vast oil supply in the jungle. Cecilia Rodriguez, a U.S. spokeswoman for the Zapatistas based in El Paso, Texas, estimates that the oil potential of Chiapas and Guatemala combined could exceed that of Saudi Arabia. With winter approaching, you can expect oil talks in Chiapas to make headlines.

The Zapatista movement is so important because it affects us right here in America. For further education on this matter, you can read updated news reports on the Zapatista website, www.zapatistas.org, join a solidarity group such as "Peoples Global Action," or buy t-shirts supporting the EZLN, which are made sweat-shop-free, from websites such as www.bant-shirts.com and www.demockratees.com. Informative films to watch are *A Place Called Chiapas, Zapatista, and The Last Zapatista.*

Rage Against the Machine front-man, Zach de la Rocha, is a known supporter of the Zapatistas. The band's 1996 single, "People of the Sun," is actually dedicated to the movement.

*UN Photograph*

# Haiti Photo Essay

*By: Bill Winfrey*

This past summer, for the third time, I traveled with my mom to Port-au-Prince, the capital city of Haiti. My sister joined us for the first time in what has become a coming-of-age tradition in my family. Haiti is the poorest country in the western hemisphere, and while some rural areas of the country are certainly poorer than the capital, Port-au-Prince is not immune to the poverty of Haiti. In the city, we went to a children's hospital and a "Home for the Dying," which is basically a hospital for adults. The name, however, does not suggest much hope for the patients. Then again, it is not the hopelessness that I am trying to show through these pictures.

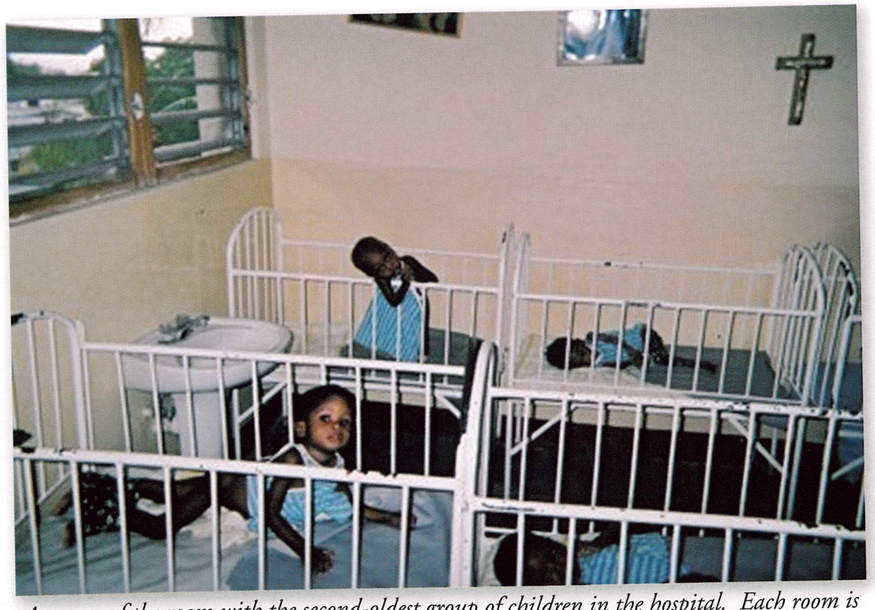
Most of our time in Haiti is spent at the children's hospital, and so most of the pictures come from there. Some of the pictures were taken from car windows so as to not embarrass or shock any people. Look at the pictures with an objective eye and see them for what they are; see the people and the events of their daily lives. The purpose of these pictures is to show what words could not adequately describe. Look at the children, the markets, the homes and their heavily guarded walls and understand that, despite the poverty of Haiti, a beauty still exists that is unique to Haiti. Allow yourself to see the beauty in another way of life.

*One of the street markets that feature every item imaginable; this particular one has shirts, pants, wooden chairs, and metal tables. These markets come and go as the owners please, sometimes moving from place to place along the streets.*

*This is a typical street in the more urban area of Port-au-Prince. The buildings are concrete, open-air and closely packed together. They function as both homes and shops in many cases. The streets are rough but were paved smoothly at one point. If you look closely, you can see the mountains far in the background.*

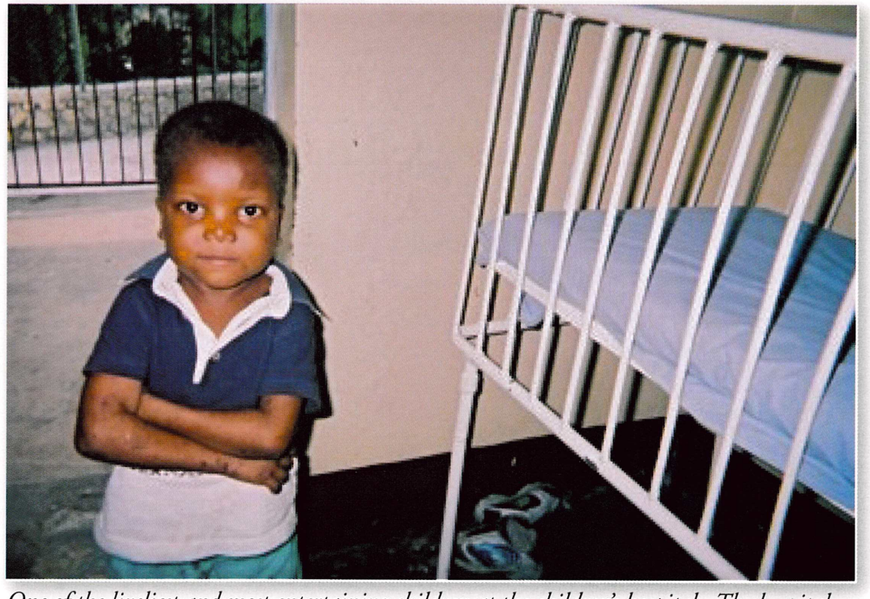
*A group of homes around Port-au-Prince. This area consists of a large number of homes with metal siding and roofs, open to the air and occasionally leaning up against each other.*

*One of the older children who was being cared for at the hospital. She was in the hospital throughout our time in Haiti, but we saw her health improve each day due to the care of the staff and the nuns who run the hospital.*



*A corner of the room with the second-oldest group of children in the hospital. Each room is similar to this one with the layout of cribs and aisles and all the children wearing identical dresses. The children receive care and attention here from the Haitian staff and the Missionaries of Charity, who run the hospital.*





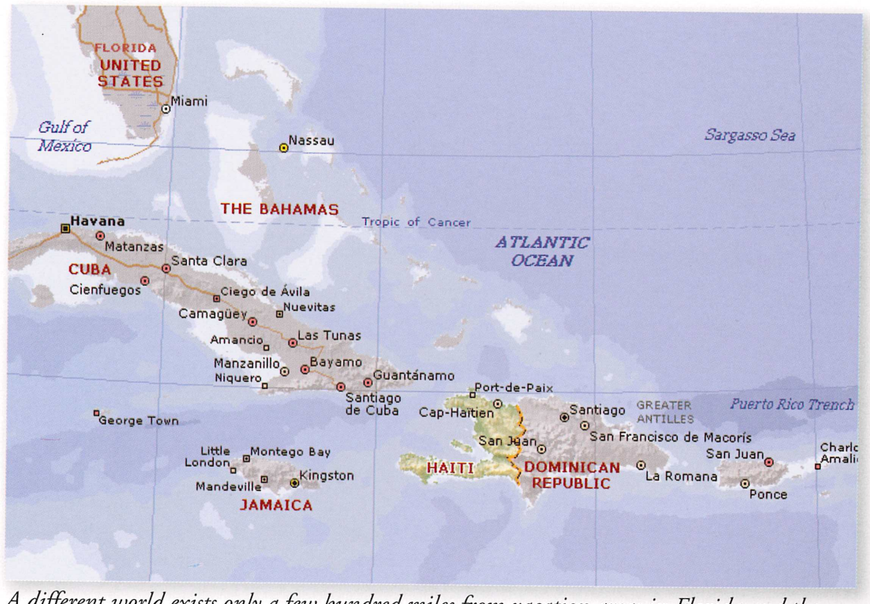
*One of the liveliest and most entertaining children at the children's hospital. The hospital also acts as an orphanage to a few children who have been abandoned, such as this boy; but some of these children are eventually adopted, especially the energetic ones.*

*Two of the children having a snack at the children's hospital. They usually eat as a group at the table, but these two wandered off and sit on a step inside the hospital.*

*An open-air chapel where the Catholic Mass is celebrated each Sunday when the priest is able to come. The chapel is located just outside of the children's hospital.*

*The walls surrounding many of the nicer homes feature this type of security. Stone nearly two feet thick is topped off with barbed wire and broken glass bottles that are secured to the top of the wall.*

*A child taking a nap on the floor. While the rest of the children were running around and playing games, this girl was tired and decided to take a nap in one of the cooler places in the building, a cold concrete floor. The hospital does get warm, like everything else in Haiti, but the floors that are in the shade usually stay fairly cool, and they are kept incredibly clean by the staff at the hospital.*




*A different world exists only a few hundred miles from vacation areas in Florida and the American way of life.*

# Southern Comfort

*By: Mike Reddy*

The streets were filled with dirt and rubble. The houses were decrepit, shanty-like edifices that seemed unable to withstand another day. The odor of the urban area was so pungent it seemed as though death itself was emitting its foul stench. As we neared some of the houses, the local people spoke with thickly accented English, bemoaning the inefficacies and apparent indifference of their country's government. Without service groups like ours, they reiterated, they would have never received aid. While we were immersed in this situation, it was easy to forget that we were not in a third-world country. In fact, we were a mere 10 hours south of St. Louis in a location that hit a bit too close to home.

As we pulled up to the Ninth Ward of New Orleans, the scenes around us made each of us gasp. We heard of the terrible conditions of the area, but our trip in March of 2006 was over half a year after the hurricane. We did not expect to see the utter dilapidation on the outskirts of the city. Every business was boarded up with plywood, shut to the world that once supported it. Many of the businesses lost walls, roofs or other structural basics. On numerous occasions we saw a fast food restaurant impaled by the large lighted sign that had, in a previous life, drawn customers to eat there. It was seven months after Katrina ravaged the Gulf Coast, and I was shaken by the sheer lack of progress in the area. These rundown buildings did not just represent economic loss; they represented the loss of someone's dream, the terrible culmination of someone's hard work.

Our drive through the neighborhoods of New Orleans was perhaps the most disheartening experience of our trip. As we drove through Chalmette, one of the hardest hit areas of New Orleans, all we could do was imagine how beautiful the suburb must have been before the hurricane. Now, sheds lay atop the collapsed roofs of these houses, cars sat on top of fences and mud and undergrowth were everywhere. We were happy when we saw some houses that looked salvageable, although many of them were almost indistinguishable. Some could only be described as a pile of wreckage. It seemed each house had a story of the people who struggled to survive in the midst of the hurricane. Every house had four markings—two of them numbers, spray-painted to the front in a diamond fashion. One of the numbers, we were told, represented the number of dead animals found in the house, while the other number signified the number of human bodies. Driving from house to house and seeing the number of human bodies range from zero to one—up to four or five—was a feeling I could never describe. There was no life to the numbers, no sympathy from them, no remorse. The numbers were cold and blunt.

As we drove along, I noticed many of the intact roofs had round, jagged holes in them. Someone whispered to me that the holes were the result of an escape attempt from the families inside. When the water started flooding the area, the families climbed the levels of the house, trying to outrun the water. After they reached the attic and realized that the water would not cease, the families used poles or items in their attics in an attempt to escape through the roof. At times this was to no avail, as the water in Chalmette is said to have reached heights of over 20 feet. Other homes had the beginnings of holes in the roofs, but the holes were never completed.

Our job as service workers was to work with homes that had the potential to be salvaged. We were charged with the duty of stripping the house down to the wooden studs so they could be rebuilt. The scene inside these homes was an equally harrowing experience. Every single object belonging to these people was strewn across the house, broken and covered in at least a foot of mud. I thought back to how much "stuff" I had in my own house and pictured it in that situation. Everything was ruined; people's furniture, picture albums, trophies, bills, kitchenware, anything imaginable. In some of the houses we found the dinner still in the oven that they had been preparing when the storm hit. One of the women whose house we worked on had just started a holiday shop and stored all of her retail items in her house. We found boxes of Christmas ornaments, spider rings, pumpkin lanterns and American flag memorabilia. The remnants of her dream were so crudely caked in mud; it seemed unimaginable that they would be destined for store shelves. Even as the owners of the houses came to see what they could reclaim from their property, we were not allowed to give them anything. No matter how miraculously one of their antiques was preserved or how little damage one of their possessions received, the sheer amount of bacteria in the house meant that nothing was safe to take back.

I took back a lot from my experience in New Orleans. I realized that extreme poverty and adversity are not reserved for small and distant countries. I saw that there is still so much work to do here and so many people who need our assistance. I realized that it does not take a lot more than a few hours of work to change someone's life forever. Finally, I realized that there is not one day that passes by where you cannot show compassion. If you are willing to give, there is always someone to receive.

# People ask me what it's like

*Story and Photography by: Mimi Tsige*

People always ask me what it's like to be a refugee. I thought about this question for a while and came to the conclusion that being a refugee is extremely confusing. I have been a refugee and an immigrant for as long as I can remember. I have flashes of memories from when I was much younger that until recently was never fully able to grasp. For instance, I remember hiding in the back of a truck with my parents and siblings and leaving behind everything we knew and loved as we crossed the Ethiopian border into Kenya. I remember living in hiding in several different places. I remember living with strangers and not getting enough to eat. I remember when my parents tried to hide the food they bought with the little money they could scrounge up. I remember they fed us in secret, away from all the other children, because they wanted to make certain that we had enough to eat. I remember wanting to share the food with all the other kids and my parents got upset because they were so worried about how thin we were.

I remember a pair of red shoes someone gave me that I loved and wore almost everyday. I remember how extremely worn out the shoes were, how they used to make me fall and how banged up my knees got whenever I ran around with my older brother and younger sister. But I did not care; I still loved those shoes. And when I outgrew them, my sister inherited the red shoes and the banged-up knees. And when she outgrew them, it was Raheem's (the little boy down the street) turn to have the red shoes and the scabby knees.

I remember the hallucinations I used to have when I was sick with malaria, and my mom carrying me to the hospital so I could get treated. I remember the smell of the hospital, which still makes me sick to this day. I remember playing soccer, jumping rope and making dolls out of scraps of cloth and discarded plastic bags. I remember certain tastes; I swear mangos and coconuts and papayas have not tasted the same since I left Kenya. I remember my mom and dad's late night hushed conversations. My mother cried and my dad reassured her. I remember not understanding the worry in their voices.

I remember my first time on an airplane; I did not entirely understand where I was going. I remember getting sick on the plane and again in the airport in Washington D.C. I remember the first meal I had in America—chicken nuggets from McDonald's. I also remember that I was not able to eat anything because everything in America tasted horrible (except for the chicken nuggets). I remember the feeling of awe I had the first time I ever saw snow (it was the most amazing thing in the world). We all ran outside in our pajamas (including my parents) to touch it and see what it felt like.

I remember trying to make friends at school. I remember the

kids made fun of me because of my accent, the way I dressed and the way I looked. I remember getting mad at my mother if she spoke to me in Amharic when we were in public. I did not want anyone to know I was different. I remember trying to fit in but not doing a very good job of it. I remember my dad tried to ban English in our home because we were forgetting how to speak out language. I remember the summers when all the other kids in the neighborhood were playing outside and we were forced to stay inside and learn to read and write in Amharic. I remember how hard adolescence was for me because my parents did not understand what it was like to be a teenager in America. I remember when I was 17 years old, my mom told me that by the time she was my age, she was already married and had a child.

My memories and my experiences still do not quite make sense to me. That is why when people ask me what it's like to be a refugee, I tell them for me it was like being in a constant state of confusion or limbo. Nothing was constant except the confusion. I was always confused about where we were, where we were going, who we were living with. There were so many different names and faces. I feel like I still have an identity crisis. Am I American or Ethiopian? Neither? Or perhaps both? I have never been able to quite figure that one out. I guess I am somewhere in between. In the U.S., I am a foreigner who was here long enough to lose her accent. In Ethiopia, I am too much of a westerner to fit in. Whenever I talk to my cousins, they make fun of my accent and my inability to understand certain jokes. Sometimes I do not feel like I truly belong in either place, yet sometimes I feel like I belong in both and that I can claim both as my home. Recently, when people ask me where I am from, I tell them I am from everywhere. I am a citizen of the world. I like this concept because I do not have to put a label on myself or restrict myself to any one place. The whole world is my home. I can embrace the diversity of my background. I have lived in three different countries and hopefully I will have the opportunity to live in many more (insha Allah).

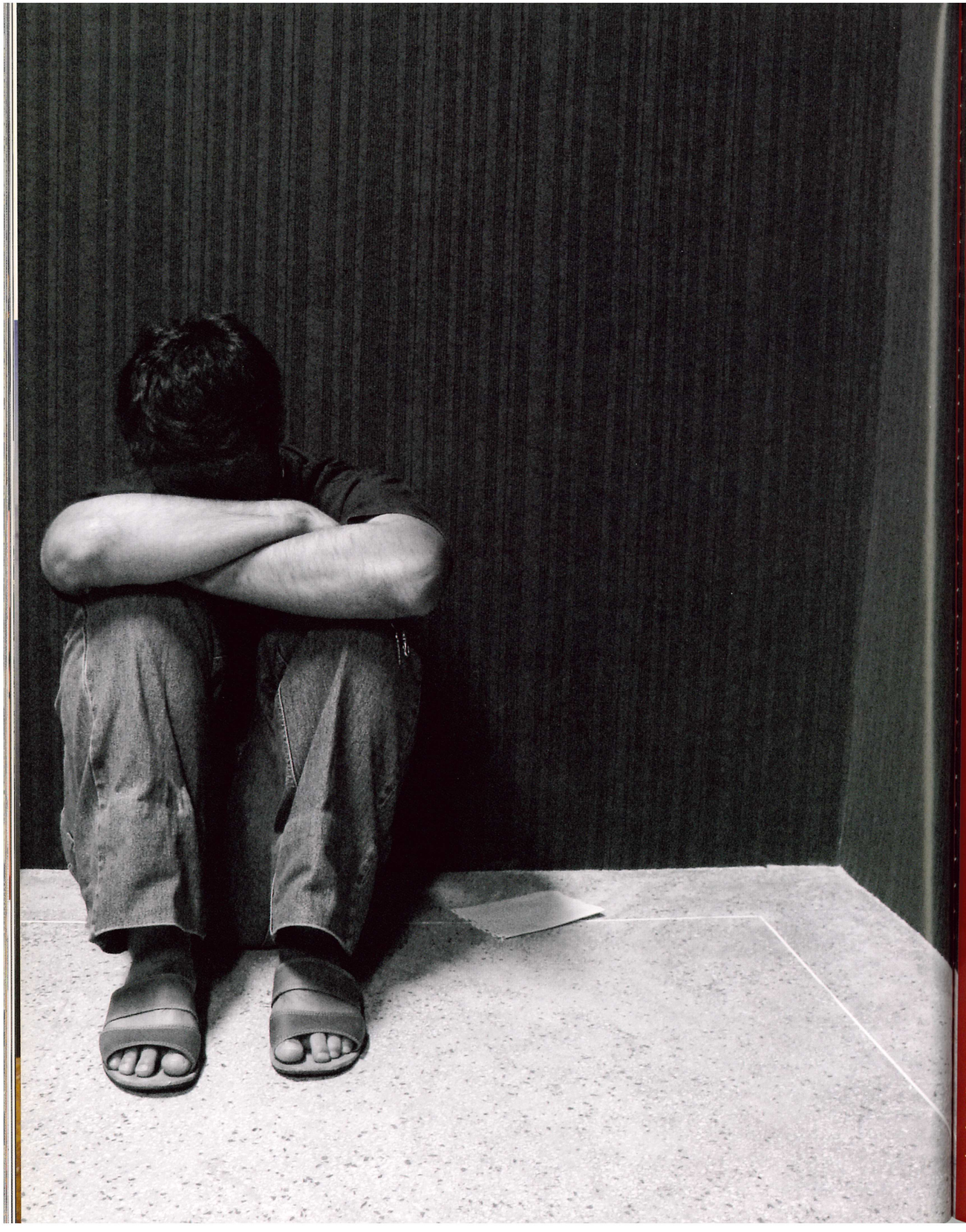


*photo by: Valber Cortez*

# SHAME

*By: Greg Stock*

They do not look.
They do not listen.
While they hang their heads low.
They walk on by.
They have no words for them.
Where is their honor?
Who are they?
They might be us.
We do not look.
We do not listen.
We hang our heads low as we walk on by.
Do we care?
Do we know pain?
Where is the love?
Think. Think of pain.
Know it. Be it. Love it.
Rise above this shame.
Stand up. Love. Choose to be shamed.
Choose pain.
Choose rejection.
Not fame.
Choose redemption.
It may be brokenness you feel but in the end,
There is no shame.

# Flick of a Switch

*Story by: Sreeya Yalamanchali - Photography by Constantino Schilleeckx*

Imagine endless nights, tossing and turning on a bumpy spring mattress as the mosquitoes land gracefully on your sweaty, outstretched hands. You lie on top of sweat-stained, crumpled bed sheets and the fan that normally keeps the cool breeze flowing sits in a corner, inactive, due to the lack of electricity. Thanks to Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Alva Edison, such a lifestyle is just a part of our imagination here in the United States where, according to the Energy Information Administration, we represent 24% of the total world primary energy consumption. With the flick of a switch, electricity travels hundreds of miles from a power generator in the next state to light the lamp beside your head, a "necessity" we take for granted. Yet outside this sparkling country of ours, where car dealerships place constantly lit lamp posts every 10 feet, 1/3 of the global population does not have access to electrical power.

> "And God said, 'Let there be light' and there was light, but the Electricity Board said He would have to wait until Thursday to be connected."
>
> *-Spike Milligan*

Many people in underdeveloped countries deal with daily blackouts and can even predict the exact time electricity will be cut. The lack of electricity is a significant barrier to easing poverty for underdeveloped countries. In recent years, the energy crisis has hit home on the Pacific coast, affecting as many as 1.5 million people, as stated by the Public Broadcasting System. California is a constant reminder to Americans that electricity is a fleeting material which cannot be stored and can be depleted. In biology classes we learn of environmental damages such as global warming and the detriments to our society if pollution is not controlled. But most students do not learn about the effects of electricity over-consumption and the detrimental effects that a lack of electricity can have on modern society. If electricity consumption is not curbed, our dazzling country as we know it could collapse into a state of darkness, parallel to the underdeveloped countries.

Electricity is very important for advancing societies. In developed countries, electricity for home appliances enormously reduced the amount of time required for cooking, cleaning, and other life-sustaining chores. The mere chore of baking bread can take as little as a half hour due to an oven, a common kitchen appliance. Yet in undeveloped countries, time spent for survival activities can be as much as nine to 10 hours a day. It can take days to bake bread in undeveloped countries because it requires gathering wood for a fire, which also harms the forests around the village. Moreover, the burden of cooking and survival activities usually falls on the shoulder of women and children. Instead of attending school and receiving an education, women and children are slaving away in front of fire pits, hour after hour. If electricity was available to the remote areas of these undeveloped countries, more time could be spent breaking away from the vicious cycle of poverty, and less time would be devoted for survival.

I visited India many times and it helped me to realize the importance of energy conservation. My uncle, an upper class millionaire, owns a house in the dead center of the Hyderabad metropolis; but his home can be found dark and desolate at about 1:30 PM every day. Electricity in my uncle's neighborhood is cut off for a half hour almost everyday due to the over-usage of the electrical system. My grandmother is forced to stop her cooking, and I am left staring at my reflection on the blank television screen. Screams are heard coming from the apartment building next door as people trapped in the elevator between two floors wait to be rescued. However, losing electricity for a half hour is a mild form of electrical shortage in the city. The real problem occurs in the rural villages, where electricity is denied for hours at a time. My trip to my family's hometown (in the middle of southern India) was upset by the lack of electricity for an entire day. The day was especially hot, with mosquitoes flying left and right, and I remember the distinct muggy feeling while I lied on the extremely uncomfortable cot, staring at the immutable fan on the ceiling. Stores that the villagers owned closed due to the lack of electricity and business. Children played on the streets all day long, and men and women mingled throughout the street. The lack of electricity made the village stop, almost as if the villagers were stuck in a time loop, waiting for the curse to be removed and the electricity rewired. Staring at the battery-run clock second after second, I remember thinking nothing can be worse; nothing can create a greater sense of idleness than the lack of function in a city.

> "America is a superpower, but it's got the grid of a Third World nation."
>
> *Energy Secretary Bill Richardson.*

Technological advances in this country come with a price of increased electricity consumption. Due to the extreme rise in heat the past few summers, more and more families have increased their usage of air conditioners, electric fans, and refrigeration. An estimated two billion people in developing countries still lack electricity, yet here in America, we blast our air conditioners, leave the radio and television turned on, keep our lamps fully lit for hours. With the flick of a switch, electricity is provided to us, but we rarely consider that such a luxury can be removed in an instant. Many times we take for granted this country which provides us with one of the greatest discoveries in the history of mankind.

As demand for electricity rises, supply is steadily staying the same. We have an excess of electricity here in the United States, but the surplus is not enough to offset any radical blackouts we might experience. The blackouts in California and other pockets of the country, such as New York, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco, show our government the seriousness of soaring energy prices, the need to regulate and build more electrical plants and cut down on energy consumption.

So what can we do to help? We as consumers can help the world from our own homes by being conscious of our energy consumption. Keep your air conditioner and heater off or low when you are gone can save energy, especially since air conditioners and electric heaters are the largest contributor to electricity demand and can use up to 44% of the power during peak periods, according to the U.S. Department of Energy. Another way to save energy while you are out of the house is to make sure all lights and appliances are turned off. Many times appliances such as Xerox machines, computers and monitors generate a lot of heat and use a lot more energy than we assume. The simple actions in life make the biggest difference and as a few people start cutting down on their energy consumption, many will soon follow, and we can make a difference.

Over-consumption of energy is a big problem in the 21st century, yet here in America, we do not dwell on the depletion of energy since we hardly experience life without it. As you go about your daily life, just keep in mind the kids who study by candlelight or the poor villagers who shut down their livelihood for a whole day due to a glitch at the electricity board. Be conscious of your energy consumption, and that can make the biggest difference.

# Disabled & Determined

*Story and Photography by: Teddie Bullock*

Imagine driving home one ordinary night and having a car crash that leaves you paralyzed from the neck down. You are then forced to live in a nursing home designed and occupied almost exclusively for the elderly. Cognitively, you are fully functioning and the only time you need help is in the morning during showering, toileting and dressing. All that you need to be able to enter back into full society is an attendant every morning for about three hours. You are 19 years old and have just finished your freshman year at SLU. How would you feel? For Max Starkloff, this was a reality.

Starkloff is quoted in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as saying, "I was in a nursing home for 12 years. If I moved, I lost financial support. So, I spent five years there until I was able to raise enough money to go into the community. I lived in a nursing home because I needed help getting out of bed. I wasn't there for health care reasons."

Starkloff—now a 69-year-old husband, father and grandfather—has come a long way from the young man whose big event of the day used to be wheeling across the hall every morning to read the menu of the day.

"After my accident," Starkloff said, "my mother asked the doctor, 'How long will he live?' The doctor responded, 'It might be three days, but if he could live longer do you really want him to?'"

That is the problem with most people, according to Starkloff. "They think, 'I'd rather be dead than disabled.' We've got to change this attitude. Disability is not something we ask for, but it does not mean at all that you can't have a happy life. I have a great life; I'm married, have three children, and two grandchildren."

In August of 1959, Starkloff's life was altered forever from the automobile accident. After his accident, he lived with his mother, a divorced working professional, for four years. After three years, his attendant (and friend) had an automobile accident that left him with a brain injury. During the next year, Starkloff went through ten to twelve attendants. It became so stressful that he and his mother "had to think about where to go." From 1963 to 1975, he lived in St. Joseph Hill Infirmary, a nursing home near Eureka, MO.

"I was considered the bitter young man of the hall," a very amused Starkloff reflects. "The entire 12 years that I was there, I never played a single game of Bingo."

Starkloff's life soon began to change, however; he began painting and studying philosophy and classical music. It was more of a change "mentally and emotionally" than anything else. He

also began reading disability magazines and listening to "different ideas and political issues". He started to question his situation and the situations of others like him, and from that time on he never stopped.

Starkloff soon developed a concept of housing for those with disabilities. His idea was to build apartments that were accessible for those with and without disabilities, with the first floor occupied by businesses run by those with disabilities. He set up a meeting with an architect, an urban planner and 30 young people with disabilities, who all happened to use wheelchairs. When Starkloff first saw the group, he was frightened; he worried that they would not like his concept. Fortunately, they proved him wrong; they were extremely excited about his idea.

Around this time, Starkloff went to San Francisco to visit the girl who was in his car during his automobile accident. He told her about his ideas and she asked him if he had heard of Ed Roberts, a disability rights activist and founder of the disability rights movement, who lived in Berkley, CA. Starkloff had not heard of him, but decided to go meet Roberts; it was at this time that he was introduced to the "hippie world." The men, according to Starkloff, all had "long beards and wore sandals and coveralls."

Roberts told him that although he had a good idea, the concept was all wrong. He explained to Starkloff that he believed in "independent living," the idea that people with disabilities could live and participate in society with everyone else; no housing with built-in businesses should be needed. People with disabilities do not have to live outside of mainstream society; with improved accessibility, they can do everything any other person can do. Starkloff loved the idea of independent living, and left inspired. However, coming home was a bit of a wakeup call for Starkloff.

"Going to California and being introduced to hippie world was quite a culture shock; however, coming back home to conservative Catholic St. Louis was even more of a culture shock." He was met with a lot of skepticism at home. His friend, Bill Keith, told him, "You gotta realize Ed Roberts is crazy."

Starkloff persevered, however, and founded Paraquad in 1970. He was able to run Paraquad from his nursing home when Paraquad received its first $5,000 from Morton "Buster" May, President of May Department Stores. Thirty-five years later, Paraquad, with a staff of over 110 people, "provides independent living services to adults and children with all types of disabilities."

In 1973, Starkloff began dating his physical therapist, Colleen. When he received an additional $10,000 from May, he asked Colleen to marry him. Colleen said yes, and in 1975, they were married—the day after he left the nursing home forever. According to the Harry Levins of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, Starkloff then "moved to his own place in the Central West End—and to a new career as a watchdog for the disabled. His crusading led to such gains as curb cuts, wheelchair lifts on buses and a "barrier-free" apartment house remodeled for people like him. From his wheelchair, Starkloff has pestered, groused, even nagged. When the issue is rights for the disabled, Starkloff has willingly played the Village Scold."

In 1977, Starkloff said, "The obvious role of the disabled is that of the victim. It would be preferable if we stayed at home, out of sight." His retort to society is: "I refuse to become a victim."

While Starkloff battled for the rights of all who have disabilities, he had personal battles of his own. He and others with disabilities experience "very negative discrimination." People with disabilities are viewed "automatically as frail and not healthy," according to Starkloff. He and Colleen had difficulties adopting. He recalls the negative attitude of the social worker who came to visit his home. She said, "Well I think we have to turn you down. How would you ever throw your daughter a baseball?" A few years later, Starkloff saw the same social worker at a gas station. At the time, he had his three-year-old daughter riding on the front of the wheel chair. He recalls being very excited, wheeling up to the woman with his daughter in tow and asking her, "Remember me?"

Starkloff left Paraquad in 2003 to start the The Starkloff Disability Institute, "a newly formed national organization dedicated to helping 22% of our population, people with disabilities, participate fully and equally in all aspects of society."

"Paraquad does magnificent work helping people get out of nursing homes," said Starkloff, "but because of policy, Paraquad's work can only go so far, so we're (The Starkloff Disability Institute) trying to change it." Starkloff is currently working in collaboration with other disability scholars on a Disability History Project which should take five to seven years and five to six million dollars to complete. He also spends a large amount of time fundraising; he recently met with 15 to 16 foundations who were very enthusiastic and told him, "We have never had anyone make us sit down and tell us that we're not doing things right."

For the future, Starkloff hopes to see The Starkloff Disability Institute become stable and his family happy. He also hopes to remain healthy and be able to continue working for the rights of those with disabilities.

"I have no interest in retiring," Starkloff says, "I want to keep doing this; I love what I do."

**THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION ESTIMATES THAT THERE ARE ABOUT 600 MILION PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES WORLDWIDE. THE UNITED NATIONS ESTIMATE IS 650 MILLION. ACCORDING TO THE UN DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME, 80% OF THOSE WITH DISABILITIES LIVE IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES.**

# Little One, Look into the Sky

*Poem by: Jennie Zelenak - Photography by Constantino Scuillebeeckx*

Little one, look into the sky-

A dark blanket sprinkled in

Wasted wishes.

Dream what you will,

Discover the world

Isn't all shades of pink and glory

Like the sunrise promises to you at dawn

We could see it lying through the dark canopy

The trees were old and tired, leaning in their age

You danced in sunlight and autumn leaves

Dreaming still of tomorrow.

All these dreams

Came whispering out

Into the night

As the warm breath of summer

Guided us on our way

Down that lonely, dark road

We never knew where it would take us

Never knew, never knew.

My name was meant for tombstones

Slabs of redemption

Hugging at the Earth's back.

And how should I go on

Knowing,

But a simple fact as this

The stone, cold Earth

That met him with a welcoming hand

Corrupted his mind with a million worms

For the price of his soul to be relieved from breath

An invitation I never could have countered.

I have heard the great walls of our time

Crashing to their bear foundations

And all the rubble, how did it ever encompass

Companies, lives, boundaries?

And how have we destroyed them?

The drought is upon us

Rain man's gone dancing away

To some far-off place

All we can do is pray, pray, pray

We pray for a flood

To wash the pain away

Tears pent up

Aggression stirred

Of a life gone haywire

Dreams left deferred

Any sane person would give up

But the rain man's song is near

He plays in the night

To the ill-begotten ears

Who weep softly

Out

Their water-less tears

*UN Photograph*

# Sarajevo

*By: Maxim Schillebeeckx*

War always seems so distant. It is a subject of far-off times and places found only in textbooks. It is something separate from our tight little communities and our comfortable homes. We read about it, hear about it and even see it through a screen propped up in the corner of our living room. Wars come and go to the point of sedation; we no longer find it surprising to hear of death and families broken apart. We have become numb to the incessant news of car bombings here and civilian attacks there in countries that our teachers forgot to mention in grade school geography. One of these conflicts we may vaguely remember was in the former Yugoslavia from 1992 to 1995 known as the Bosnian War.

With humanitarian ideals in mind, I traveled to Bosnia-Herzegovina in the summer of 2003 with 15 Belgian Scouts. We spent three weeks in the region where about 100,000 people were killed and where 1.8 million individuals abandoned their homes. We stayed in a city demolished by a three-year siege by those torn apart by religious and ethnic differences. This was Sarajevo. I stepped off the 24-hour bus ride from Belgium as a meek tourist, not knowing what to expect. I remember the thick, humid atmosphere hitting me like a hot shower. Somewhat blinded by the sun, my first glimpse of Sarajevo was of a city in ruins. The crumbled edifice across from the bus was bullet ridden, covered in graffiti with countless gaping punctures. Although it had been eight years since the end of the war, the city still needed significant rebuilding. The week began as an exciting glimpse into a new world rich in Greek Orthodox tradition; every street corner seemed like a step back in time to simpler days.

Though it was clear that a war had taken place, I did not realize until the end of the trip just how far Sarajevo had come over those eight years. During my time in Sarajevo, I visited the sites where eight years earlier, thousands had died: Sniper Alley, Markale Market, and the Sarajevo Tunnel that was used to smuggle in food and humanitarian supplies. We watched videos from the war, revisiting the time that the entire city had been destroyed. Although these vivid images left me in wonder, it was not until the scenic tour of the valley that I became truly aware of what had occurred. After climbing a nearby hillside, I looked at the city down below and noticed several hillsides blanketed in white. It took me a few minutes to realize that what I was looking at were the graves of 12,000 Sarajevians who had perished. For the first time, I was awestruck. So many individuals died that entire hillsides were masked by their gravestones: children, parents, grandparents—no one had escaped.

As the week progressed, I discovered that by the time the war ended, half the population left Sarajevo. Families, friends and communities had to begin anew in a world completely foreign to them. These refugees of war went wherever they were accepted, sacrificing any sort of security. Many of these refugees are here in St. Louis, continuing their lives. We must not let what happened in Bosnia pass as a bump in history; we must be aware of how far-off atrocities can hit close to home.

*[continued from page 7]*

Patrick McCarthy, Director of the Medical Center Library at Saint Louis University and author of After the Fall-Srebrenica Survivors in St. Louis, first heard of the terrible events in Bosnia from a speaker at SLU. He has since been an important and influential figure in not only assisting Bosnians who have come to St. Louis, but also in developing a deep understanding of their culture and educating others about their tragic history.

McCarthy's initial outreach to the Bosnian community took the form of organizing scholarship support at SLU for Vildana Basagic, a young Bosnian woman whose studies at the University of Sarajevo were cut short by the war when she was forced to leave the country as a refugee. McCarthy saw special significance in SLU's support for Basagic: a Catholic school was assisting a Bosnian Muslim student who had come from a war in which Christians were persecuting Muslims.

"We wanted to offer a counter witness," McCarthy recalled. "At a time when the world had more or less turned its back on Bosnia, SLU provided a place of refuge to someone in need."

*Mina Jasarevic, St. Louis MO. Her family was profiled in McCarthy's book.*
*photo by: Tom Maday*

Although initially discouraged that he located only one scholarship for a Bosnian student, McCarthy received a call from Imam Nur Abdullah at the local Islamic Center who phoned to thank him and SLU for sponsoring support for a Bosnian Muslim student. When McCarthy said he wished he had been able to help more students, Imam Nur reminded him that "every life is important before God." The Bosnian Student Project in St. Louis went on to help other Bosnian students to continue their education at Mizzou, Southern Illinois University Edwardsville, Webster University, and the local community colleges.

In 1994, McCarthy visited Sarajevo to bring humanitarian aid and to meet with Bosnian families who had relatives in St. Louis. When he returned, he said he was walking through SLU's quad and realized more clearly than ever "how good we have it." McCarthy believes we have obligation to use our resources and privileges at SLU in the service of others. We can always do something just to make things a little bit better, and every life is important, just as the Imam had said. McCarthy began a campaign to educate people about the violence in Bosnia, while immersing himself in their culture.

McCarthy's interaction with the Bosnian community caused him to develop a respect of their resourcefulness and appreciation of the basics. He said Sarajevo was reduced from a modern sophisticated European city to "Stone Age" conditions amidst constant war and gunfire. Through this experience, Bosnians showed incredible resourcefulness and developed a deep appreciation for the basic things in life many us take for granted.

*Ibro Jasaveric, Patric McCarthy, forensic anthropologist Eva Klononski and Sevko Muratovic in Sarajevo.*
*photo by: Tom Maday*

"If you work hard, everybody like you," said Mustajbegovic, who is a perfect example of resourcefulness. And he has been working hard on a project that lies behind his massive fence with "beware of dog" signs: a masterfully constructed metal gazebo covered in lights, surrounded by roses and fruit trees, with picnic tables underneath. The Garden of Eden behind the wooden fence on Morganford is an unexpected haven that Mustajbegovic has created for the future customers of his new restaurant.

"Always more and more and more and more," Mustajbegovic said. He plans to work "step by step" to advance his business and provide a good life for his wife and children.

But many Bosnians still feel a deep sense of betrayal towards the UN, according to McCarthy. The world community made a pledge which it did not keep.

"We have lost the important element of mutuality," McCarthy said. The basis of our foreign policy should be finding a common ground; we have something to offer and something to receive. He asked if people would feel differently about foreign policy if they could relate it to the lives of ordinary people.

Through his interaction with many Bosnians, specifically the Ori family, McCarthy was inspired to write a book detailing the history of the war and survivors of the Srebrenica massacre that immigrated to St. Louis. He said the purpose of his book is to introduce the stories and connect it to people's lives, so that people might see themselves in these experience. The faces of the Ori family in the book are familiar; they are people who live in the same city as we do. "In the particular details in the life of one family, there is something universal," he said.

According to McCarthy, many Bosnians have been in St. Louis a good number of years already, and so the community has transitioned beyond resettlement help. However, there are always other refugees who need help.

Mustajbegovic said the person who helped him the most was his alderman, who assists Bosnians in getting small businesses started. Many of them need direction in how to obtain licenses and Mustajbegovic is pleased with the support he received from the local government.

Katie Howell, the volunteer coordinator at the International Institute of St. Louis, recommends their After School Tutoring program as a wonderful volunteer opportunity for college students. In fact, there are already some SLU students working there.

"Volunteer tutors make a huge impact on the academic success of the refugee teens," Howell said. "They also help to boost the teens' confidence in interacting with their peers (especially American ones) when they are at school." Volunteers are needed to make a one-day-per-week commitment any day Monday through Friday from 3:30 to 5:30pm.

The St. Louis Muslim community also has taken a role in helping the Bosnian refugees. The Unity for Refugees' Welfare Inc. (URW) helps refugees, especially in education. The best way to help the refugee community is "to help children… they need support for educational and extra curricular activities. [Another] area would be helping newcomers with some basic needs of livelihood," said Ali from URW.

We do not have to look past our own community to find those in need of help. And help need not take the form of organized volunteer programs, either. Mustajbegovic said that he did not take classes to study English; he simply learned from customers who would take the time to engage in conversation with him.

In reaching out to refugees in St. Louis, we should keep in mind the words of Patrick McCarthy in After the Fall: "One of the great temptations of our age is to view the world and its people as complicated abstractions, remote from our lived daily experiences. In St. Louis and elsewhere, we are privileged to have an opportunity to encounter those who remind us of who we are and how to narrow the divide between us."

## Refugee Volunteer Contact Information

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*Unity for Refugee's Welfare Inc.*
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www.stlislam.org

*Catholic Charities*
www.ccstl.org

# Copapayo

*Story and Photographs by: Amy Nuismer*

On a Monday evening students, faculty, and citizens of St. Louis packed college church eager to hear the words of a great theologian, Jesuit, and modern-day prophet, Jon Sobrino. For many, this was their first time hearing of, or giving much thought to, the atrocities which occurred in El Salvador during the civil war in 1980-1992. The assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero on March 24, 1980 sparked a long, violent civil war that included the murder of six Jesuit priests, their housekeeper and her daughter at the University of Central America; the rape and slaughter of four missionary women; and a plethora of massacres throughout the countryside.

Before I came to SLU, I was so confident in my decision to attend this Jesuit University because I felt God was leading me along a path in which I was to discover a world of connections. I traveled to El Salvador on a "reverse mission trip" in the spring of my senior year in high school accompanied my ten of my best friends, our Spanish teacher, and youth minister. We stayed in El Sitio, a village at the very end of the dirt road whose name literally means 'the place'. We were "auctioned off" one by one the night of our arrival to faces shadowed by the dusk. I was the last one left and a thirteen year old girl named Beatriz took my bag and led the way into the blackness.

I slowly learned more and more about my family and of the effects that the war still exhibited on their everyday lives. My Salvadoran mother had lost her husband in the war. He fought on the side of the guerillas- the side of the poor and destitute of the country that longed for land and opposed an oppressive military regime. He lost his life while she fled to Honduras, living in refugee camps and worrying that her three young children went to bed at night hungry.

The village of El Sitio was so beautiful and peaceful that our trip by boat across the lake to the ruins of their old village, Copapayo, seemed a lifetime away. We sat in a circle on tree stumps as we listened to the story of a massacre that had occurred under our feet. Rugelio drew in the dirt with a long, curved stick as his words recalled a bleak day when he was only ten years old. He was one of four survivors that day who witnessed the cold-blooded killing of over one hundred and fifty women, children, and old men. His voice became quiet as he described how the military had lined them up in rows and shot them down one row at a time. He had been near the back and managed to escape by rolling into a ditch and hiding. All alone and terrified he survived on his own for four days wandering in a daze until he finally happened upon an old man who was related to him.

There are so many stories that remain in the hearts and spirit of the people of El Salvador. We heard over and over again not to forget them, not to forget their stories and the friendships we discovered there. Jon Sobrino's words strike deep into the heart of this spirit that there is no salvation outside of the poor. Their hospitality, loving care of one another and the spirit that flows through their community will forever serve as an intrinsic lesson to finding salvation and wholeness in this world.

I first learned of the deaths of the six Jesuits as I gazed upon the rose bushes that were planted over their hearts; rose buses that supposedly are always in bloom. A beautiful site that provoked tears as we recalled the pictures of the scene the day they were killed. The intelligence that carried out this massacre and many of the massacres in the countryside was learned at the School of the Americas. General Monterosa, a graduate of the SOA, ordered the killings of the people of El Sitio and is responsible for countless other human rights violations. The American government, besides training El Salvadoran generals in the tactics and strategy of killing, provided the Salvadoran government with over six billion dollars that was used to exterminate not only guerilla fighters but innocent women and children as well in the name of economic interests.

So many emotions overwhelmed me- anger, guilt, sadness, despair- but mostly I wanted to be able to do something. I wanted to wash away the pain I saw in the face of my mother and undo the hurt she'd been forced to deal with in her life. I wanted to be able to say the right words to make them understand I acknowledged their suffering and would carry them with me and never forget their stories.

I'd like to think that things have changed, that the American public is truly aware of the part they play in foreign policy and how it affects the lives of real people who have faces, who are friends. Sadly, the School of the Americas is still in operation under the name the Western Hemispheric Institute for Security Cooperation in Columbus, Georgia. Every year Saint Louis University sends students to a vigil in remembrance of the six Jesuits, their housekeeper and her daughter who were murdered as well as the countless other victims at the hands of the officers of the SOA. On November 16-20, SLU students will be protesting the school and praying for its closing. It's a step in healing the wounds we've inflicted and preventing future atrocities and irreverence for the lives of our brothers who've suffered so much and yet know the meaning of hope.

# Before Your Divine Feet

## *A Prayer to the Redeemer*

*by: Colón Domínguez Dieguez*
*submitted by Moira Gardner*

**I am the being**

**that one day You found**

**trembling before**

**the chasm of life .**

**Without hope and with faith lost,**

**with sublime love**

**You saved me.**

**Permit me, Lord,**

**that before Your divine feet**

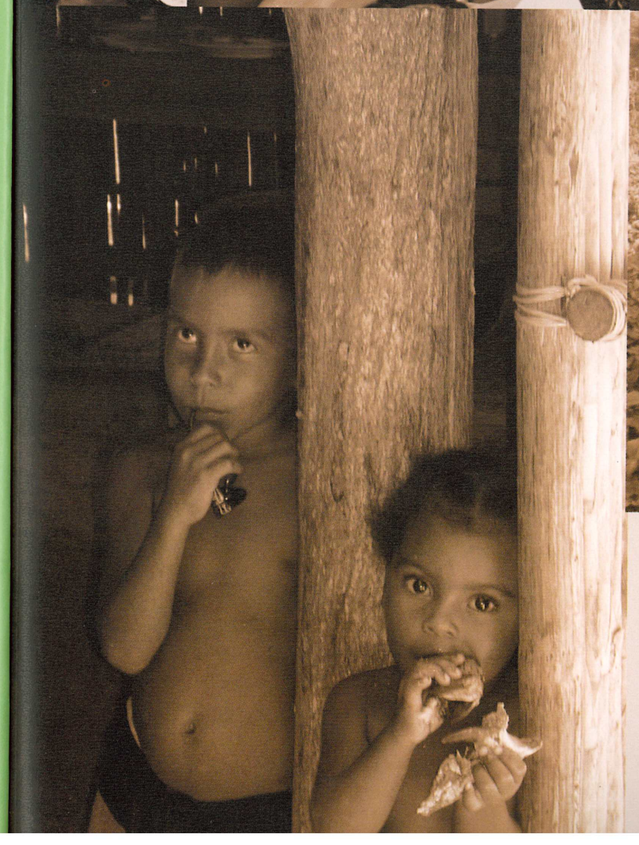
**I may rest my tired body.**

**From so much work**

**I am tired.**

**Let me rest on Your path.**

# ONE



Though we are many, we are one.
Many peoples, one common humanity.
Many religions, one message.
Many struggles, one hope, one love, one vision.
We are OneWorld.

# CALL TO ACTION

**Saint Louis University**

Maria Lees
Andrea Heyes
Rebecca Gorley
AJ Vivian
Amanda Ring-Rissler
Evan Krauss
Mike Reddy
Kelly Bienhoff

You have the capacity to do amazing things and it starts by realizing that.

OneWorld is not just a magazine but a call to action. Here are listed OneWorld leaders in your campus communities who have already contributed to spreading the movement.

Share your own experiences, post your own articles, speak out for what you believe in. Start the OneWorld revolution at your school.

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